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By virtue of its unequalled blood-purifying nerve-strengthening, stomach-toning, appetite-restoring properties, is the one Great Spring Medicine.

Get it today in usual liquid form or tablets called Sarsatabs. 100 Doses \$1.

SOCIETY

TOMORROW'S CALENDAR.

Forty-two with Mrs. Sass.

Dear me, please read

This Ardmoreite!

Mrs. Smith's party is

Not in there right!

Of course the party's

In there straight,

But, oh, those names!

What a big mistake!

I've read it through

Two times each way.

And MY OWN name's

Not there, I say!

And I WAS there.

As sure as sin,

And I want to see

My name get in!

And Mrs. Jones' initials—

Don't you see?

They never were like this—

"C. B."

It seems to me,

With naught to do

But look after

A social few.

The paper'd get

The names just right.

And not put us

In such a plight!

Why other folks

Who do not know,

Will think I never

Got to go!

Of course, I wouldn't

Care a spin

If my own name

Was never in.

Please don't believe

That I would care

If my own name

Was never there!

But I just love

To see things right.

So I keep an eye

On the Ardmoreite.

And it seems to me

In a party of whist,

The main thing is

To get the list!

Mrs. Cherry of Lawton is visiting

her sister, Mrs. Morris Sass.

The wife of a clergyman of a certain

suburban parish was mending

clothes the other day when a visitor

was announced, says the Boston

Traveler. The hostess went on with

her sewing, for the caller was a well

known parishioner. After awhile the

visitor glanced toward the sewing

table and exclaimed: "Why, there

are some buttons exactly like some

my husband had on his last winter

suit. They are an odd kind of button,

too. Where did you get them?" The

clergyman's wife smiled, roguishly,

"In the collection basket," she an-

swered, quietly. "I found a good many

of the same kind. I am saving them

up for possible use." The caller

changed the subject as hastily as

she could, and somehow or other she

did not stay very long.

Marple-Bell Wedding.

Miss Essie Bell of Sulphur, county

superintendent of Murray county,

was married to Vern Marple of

Mead, Okla., yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Marple was the youngest county

superintendent in Oklahoma, and is

famous for her political acumen

and prowess. The groom entered

Sulphur in an automobile, and fifteen minutes later left with his bride, leaving their friends, who had much in store for them, a disappointed set. After their honeymoon the happy couple will proceed to Mead.

Circle Two of the Broadway Methodist church met this week with Mrs. Wolverton with a good attendance, and five new members. The Circle is steadily growing in numbers and enthusiasm. They have planned a picnic at Lorena Park the first week in June.

A few friends gathered at Mrs. G. A. Ramsey's on Tuesday evening to visit her nieces, the Misses Robertson of Springfield, Illinois. Music was enjoyed and some very excellent readings from Miss Susie Bell Robertson, who has considerable talent in this direction. Among those who called were Mrs. Harrell, Misses Frances and Thurlow Ward, Mr. Ben Dibrill and Mr. Harley Harrell.

A very charming hospitality of yesterday was the Forty-two party at Mrs. F. B. McElroy's, when she was hostess to a number of friends at her home on Stanley Boulevard. As a color scheme of decoration the hostess chose red and green, which was reflected in the cut flowers which were in profusion in the reception rooms and also in the dainty luncheon which concluded the games.

In serving the luncheon, Mrs. McElroy was assisted by her daughter and two classmates, Misses Ethel McElroy, Katie Johnson and Gladys Robinson.

In a guessing contest for the favor Mrs. D. H. Dawson was successful and received the souvenir of the afternoon, a fragrant bouquet of scarlet carnations.

Several musical numbers were enjoyed from the young ladies in the house party.

The invited guests were Mesdames L. G. Shelton, W. L. Cruce, Harold Wallace, Charles Howland, W. H. Datis, Peter Schmah, C. P. Vandenberg, D. H. Dawson, Sweet, Charles Evans, T. A. Thurmond, A. C. Cruce, Carrie Maxwell, Arthur Strachley, Kirk Dyer, W. R. Moore, Lute Johnson, Miss Adah Bennett, Miss Hammond.

Misses Marion Clemens of Marion, Kentucky, and Elizabeth Spenser of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, arrived today to visit their cousins, Miss Liza and Miss Gail Cruce.

Miss Simpson of Texas arrived yesterday to visit her cousin, Miss Rachel Campbell.

Mrs. Johnson of Chicago was very prettily complimented on yesterday when Mrs. J. B. Moore entertained with bridge and forty-two in her honor at her residence on G street, southwest.

Dainty tally cards kept the score and when the games were concluded the hostess presented the honoree with a beautiful bouquet of carnations and ferns.

Refreshments were served Mesdames C. L. Byrne, B. A. Simpson, W. A. Edwards, George Walker, Johnson, John Nichols, Bertha Whitman, Clay Hancock, R. F. Turner, J. A. McNaught, William Pfeiffer, W. D. Potter, H. L. Crockett, J. N. Dodson, John Dexter, C. M. Campbell, T. A. Thurmond, H. H. Sayre, Chas. Anderson, Moran Scott, B. A. Simpson, Joe P. Bledsoe, H. C. Potter, M. Gorman, J. A. Bass, Jim Stoum, J. W. Nowcomb, Cherry.

The Woman's Home Protective Association held a splendid meeting at the church on yesterday afternoon.

Notice, Tennesseans.

All Tennesseans who desire to join the state society may leave their names at Tom Roberts' barber shop or phone Jim Duxon at 248.

The Clue

By CAROLYN WELLS.

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Synopsis.

Madeleine Van Norman, an heiress is found stabbed to death on the eve of her wedding by her fiancée, Schuyler Carleton. Rob Fessenden, the best man and an amateur detective seeks to unravel the mystery and starts out to find Cicely Dupuy, Madeleine's secretary, who has disappeared.

CHAPTER XX (Continued)

Next morning the eager young man ate his breakfast, and read his paper, a bit impatiently, while he waited for it to be late enough to start.

Soon after nine, he called a taxi-cab and went to the address Kitty had sent him.

Only the house number had been told in the message, so when Fessenden found himself in the vestibule of an apartment house, with sixteen names above the corresponding bells, he was a bit taken aback.

"I wish I'd started earlier," he thought, "for it's a matter of trying them all until I strike the right one." But he fancied he could deduce something from the names themselves, at least for a start.

Eliminating one or two Irish sounding names, also a Smith and a Miller, he concluded to try first two names which were doubtless French.

The first gave him no success at all, but, undiscouraged, he tried the other.

"I wish to see Miss Dupuy," he said, to the woman who opened the door.

"She is not here," was the curt answer. But the intelligence in the woman's eye at the mention of the name proved to Fessenden that at least this was the right place.

"Don't misunderstand me," he said gently, "I want to see Miss Dupuy merely for a few moments' friendly conversation. It will be to her advantage to see me, rather than to refuse."

"But she is not here," repeated the woman. "There is no person of that name in my house."

"When did she go?" asked Rob quietly—so quietly that the woman was taken off her guard.

"About half an hour ago," she said and then, with a horror-stricken face at her own thoughtlessness, she added hastily, "I mean my friend went. Your Miss Dupuy I do not know."

"Yes, you do," said Rob decidedly. "And as she has gone, you must tell me at once where she went."

The woman refused, and not until after a somewhat stormy scene, and some rather severe threats on Fessenden's part, did she consent to tell that Cicely had gone to the Grand Central Station. More than this she would not say, and thinking he was wasting valuable time on her, Rob turned and racing down the stairs, for there was no elevator, he jumped in his cab and whisked away to the station.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Successful Pursuit.

Before he entered the station he looked through the doorway, and to his delight saw the girl for whom he was looking.

He did not rush madly into the station, but paused a moment, and then walked in quietly, thinking that if his quest should be successful he must not frighten the excitable girl.

Cicely sat on one of the benches in the waiting room, in her dainty traveling costume of black, and her small hat, with its black veil, she looked so fair and young that Rob felt sudden misgivings as to his errand. But it must be done, and, quietly advancing, he took a seat beside her.

"Where are you going, Miss Dupuy?" he asked in a voice which was kinder and more gentle than he himself realized.

She looked up with a start, and said in a low voice, "Why do you follow me? May I not be left alone to go where I choose?"

"You may, Miss Dupuy, if you will tell me where you are going, and give me your word of honor that you will return if sent for."

"To be put through an examination! No, thank you, I'm going away where I hope I shall never see a detective or a coroner again!"

"Are you afraid of them, Miss Dupuy?"

The girl gave him a strange glance, but it showed anxiety rather than

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Will Please the Most Exact Man or Woman. Nadinola Talcum Powder is composed entirely of sanative ingredients, fine and soft as velvet. When used it sets free just enough oxygen to keep the skin white and soft—and in a smooth, healthy condition. Prevents sunburn, delays wrinkles, etc., by leading druggists or mail. Your money back if not pleased. NATIONAL TOILET CO., Paris, Tenn.

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confidence in me. Will you answer me more straightforwardly if I assure you of my belief in your own innocence? I will not conceal from you the fact that not every one is so convinced of that as I am, and so I look to you for help to establish it."

"Establish what? My innocence?" said Cicely, and now she looked bewildered, rather than afraid. "Does anybody think that I killed Miss Van Norman?"

"Without going so far as to say anyone thinks so, I will tell you that they think there are indications that point to such a thing."

"How absurd!" said Cicely, and the honesty of her tone seemed to verify Fessenden's conviction that whatever guilty knowledge this girl might possess, she herself was innocent of the crime.

"If it is an absurd idea, then why not return to Mapleton and answer any queries that may be put to you? You are innocent, therefore you have nothing to fear."

"I have a great deal to fear," she said, and she seemed full of anxiety and sorrow, that yet showed no trace of apprehension for herself.

And at once a light broke upon Fessenden. She was withholding somebody. Not was it hard to guess who it might be.

"Miss Dupuy," he said very earnestly, "won't you look upon me as a friend instead of a foe? I am quite sure you can tell me more than you have told about the Van Norman tragedy. Am I wrong in thinking you are keeping something back?"

"I have nothing to tell," said Cicely, and the stubborn expression returned to her eyes.

It did not seem a very appropriate place in which to carry on such a personal conversation, but Fessenden thought perhaps the very publicity of the scene might tend to make Miss Dupuy reserve her equanimity better than in a private house. So he went on:

"Yes, you have several things to tell me, and I want you to tell me now. The last time I talked to you about this matter, I asked you why you gave false evidence as to the time that Mr. Carleton entered the Van Norman house, that evening, and you responded by fainting away—now, you must tell me why that question affected you so seriously."

"It didn't. I was nervous and overwrought, and I chanced to faint just then."

Fessenden saw that this explanation was untrue, but had been thought up and held ready for this occasion. He saw, too, that the girl held herself well in hand, so he dared to be more definite in his inquiries.

"Do you know, Miss Dupuy, that you are seriously incriminating yourself when you give false evidence?" "I don't care," was the answer, not flippantly given, but with an earnestness of which the speaker herself seemed unaware.

And Fessenden was a good enough reader of character to perceive that she spoke truthfully.

The only construction he could put upon this was that, as he couldn't help believing the girl was innocent and therefore feared no incriminating evidence against her.

But in that case what was she afraid of, and why was she running away?

"Miss Dupuy," he began, starting on a new tack, "please show more

confidence in me. Will you answer me more straightforwardly if I assure you of my belief in your own innocence? I will not conceal from you the fact that not every one is so convinced of that as I am, and so I look to you for help to establish it."

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"Miss Dupuy," he began Rob again, eagerly this time, "I have succeeded in establishing, practically, Mr. Carleton's innocence. May I not likewise establish your own?"

"Mr. Carleton's innocence?" repeated the girl, clasping her hands. "Oh, is that true? Then who did do it?"

"We do not know yet," went on Rob, hastening to make the most of the advantage he had gained, "but having assured you that it was not Schuyler Carleton, won't you tell me what it is you have been keeping secret?"

"How do you know Mr. Carleton is innocent? Have you proved it? Has someone else confessed?"

"No, no one has confessed. And, indeed, I may as well own up that no one is quite so sure of Mr. Carleton's innocence as I am myself. But I am sure of it, and I'm going to prove it. Now, will you not help me to do so?"

"By explaining that discrepancy in time, so far as you can. You testified that Mr. Carleton entered the house at half past eleven, and Mr. Hunt said he came at a quarter past. What made you tell that falsehood and stick to it?"

"Why, nothing," exclaimed Cicely, "except that I thought I saw Mr. Carleton come into the house some little time before he cried out for help. I was looking over the balustrade when Mr. Hunt said he saw me, and I, too, thought it was Mr. Carleton who came in then."

"It was Mr. Carleton, but he has satisfactorily explained why he came in, and what he was doing until the time when he called out for help. Why did you not tell us about this at first?"

"I was afraid—afraid they might connect Mr. Carleton with the murder, and I was afraid—"

"You were afraid that he really had done the deed?"

"Yes," said Cicely in a very low voice, but with an intonation that left no doubt of her truthfulness.

"Then," said Rob in his kindest way, "you may set your mind at rest. Mr. Carleton is no longer under actual suspicion, and you may go

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A lady from St. Paul writes in substance, as follows: "When I began using Danderine my hair would not come to my shoulders and now it hangs below my hips." Another from Newark, N. J.: "I have been using Danderine regularly. When I first started to use it I had very little hair, now I have the most beautiful long and thick hair anyone would want to have."

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Free To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., Chicago, Ill., with their name and address and five in silver or stamps to pay postage.

away, as you intended, for a few days' rest. I should be glad to have your address, though I trust it will not be necessary for me to send for you; and I know you will not be called to witness against Schuyler Carleton."

Cicely gave the required address and though they continued the conversation for a short time, Rob concluded that the girl knew nothing that actually bore on the case. Her own false evidence and nervous apprehension had all been because of her anxiety about Mr. Carleton, and her fear that he had really been the murderer. Her written paper, and all the evidences of her jealousy of Miss Van Norman, were the result of her secret and unrequited love for the man, and her attempted flight was only because she feared that her uncontrollable emotion and impulsive utterances might help to incriminate him.

Fessenden was truly sorry for her, and glad that she could go away from the trying scenes for a time. He felt sure that she would come, if summoned, for now, relieved of her doubt of Carleton, she had no reason for refusing any testimony she could give.

It was in a kindly spirit that he

made her goodbye and promised to use every effort not only to establish Carleton's innocence, but to discover the guilty one.

(To be continued)

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past fifteen years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

Walding, Kinnaird & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Has Confidence in Hyde.

Kansas City, May 25.—William McCray of Sapulpa, Okla., an old friend and patient of Dr. B. C. Hyde, convicted of the murder of Col. Thomas H. Swope, asks the authorities to let the physician out of jail long enough to perform an operation on him.

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